amph
E
1

Milton, John

The British Academy

The Milton Tercentenary

John Milton.

Born
December 9th 1608.
Died
November 8th 1674.

Portrait of Milton at the Age of 10.
Painted by Cornelis Janssen.

INAUGURAL
MEETING
AT
THE THEATRE
BURLINGTON
GARDENS

DECEMBER 8TH, 1908

ORATION

BY

DR. A. W. WARD,

Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge; Fellow of the British Academy.

LINES ON "MILTON"

BY

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH, O.M.

"MILTON AND MUSIC,"

AN ADDRESS BY

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE, M.V.O., M.A., MUS.D.,

Organist of Westminster Abbey; King Edward Professor of Music in the University of London;

VOCAL ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

MEMBERS OF THE CHOIR OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

THE INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC BY

THE GRIMSON QUARTET

FAIR ORIAN

MADRIGAL FOR SIX VOICES

COMPOSED BY

JOHN MILTON

From "The Triumphs of Oriana" (1601)

Fair Orian in the morn
Before the day was born,
With velvet steps on ground,
Which made nor print nor sound,
Would see her Nymphs abed.

What lives these ladies led!
The roses blushing said,
"Oh stay, thou shepherd's maid."
And on a sudden all,
They rose and heard her call.

Then sang those shepherds and nymphs of Diana:
"Long live fair Oriana!"

No. 1. Overture. { (*a*) Symphony / (*b*) Almain } - - - *William Lawes* (*d.* 1645).

No. 2. Song (*The Attendant Spirit*) - - - *Henry Lawes* (1595—1662).

From the Heavens now I fly
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky.
There I suck the liquid air,
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled scarf can show,
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes.

(Where many a cherub soft reposes.)

No. 3. "The King's Hunting Jigg" - - - *Dr. John Bull* (1563—1628).

No. 4. "Sellinger's Round" - Arranged by *William Byrd* (1538—1623).

No. 5. Song (*The Lady*) - - - - - - - - *Henry Lawes.*

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen,
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroidered vale
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well:
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where.
Sweet Queen of Parley, Daughter of the sphere!
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And hold a counterpoint to all Heaven's harmonies!

(And give resounding grace, etc.)

No. 6. "The Royal Consort." *Andante* - - - - *William Lawes.*

No. 7. "The Royal Consort." *Allegro* - - - - - *William Lawes.*

No. 8. Song (*The Attendant Spirit*) - - - - - - - *Henry Lawes.*

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lillies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save!

No. 9. SONG (*Sabrina*) - - - - - - Adapted from *Henry Lawes.*

By the rushy-fringèd bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays:
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread.
Gentle swain, at thy request
I am here!

No. 10. SARABAND - - - - - - - - - *William Lawes.*

No. 11. (*a*) "Jigg" - - - - - - - - - *William Lawes.*
(*b*) "The Mitter Rant" - - - - - *John Jenkins* (1592—1678).

No. 12. SONG (*The Attendant Spirit*) - - - - - - *Henry Lawes.*

Back, shepherds, back! Enough your play,
Till next sunshine holiday,
Here be, without duck or nod,
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise
With the mincing Dryades
On the lawns and on the leas.

No. 13. MARCH. "Lord Zouche's Maske" - - - *Giles Farnaby* (*b.* 1560).

No. 14. SONG (*The Attendant Spirit*) - - - - - - *Henry Lawes.*

Noble Lord and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight.
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own.
Heaven hath timely tried their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual folly and intemperance.

No. 15. SARABAND - - - - - - - - - *William Lawes.*

No. 16. SONG (*The Attendant Spirit*) - - - - - - *Henry Lawes.*

Now my task is smoothly done:
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue: she alone is free;
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery-chime;
Or if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

By kind permission of Mr. J. Passmore Edwards, the owner, the newly re-discovered portrait of Milton, as a Boy, is reproduced in miniature on this programme from the facsimile print, in the colours of the original, recently issued by THE MEDICI SOCIETY LTD., 111 ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON, W.C.